

IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Old Folke Dinner.

MENU:

Oysters on the half shell.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Clams a la Newburg.
Turkey, also Cranberry Sauce.
Succotash. Cauliflower Salad.
Olives. Almonds.
The Old Fashioned Mince Pie.
Mince-pie ice-cream.
Cakes. Coffee.

Decorating the Table.

Simple Flowers in Simple Dishes Give Dainty Effects.

It is in decorating the dinner table that the taste of the mistress, her eye for coloring and her aptitude at artistic effects are more clearly shown than in almost any other effort to beautify the home.

If one has the best and rarest of royal Worcester and Sevres in quantities, and a greenhouse at one's disposal, the matter of table decorations, as far as flowers go, resolves itself into a very simple matter; but the results, as we are all ready to testify, are nothing alarming after all. Some women will give more of an air to the table by using a few velvety panicles and some feathery green like that of carrot tops in a common pressed glass bowl than others will secure with a priceless bowl of eggshell thinness and a dozen orchids.

And, speaking of bowls or bowl-shaped dishes for flowers, there's nothing that lends itself much better for this purpose than a finger bowl. It seems to be the right shape and depth for the stems of almost all kinds of flowers and foliage.

And delicate effects are to be got by using so many kinds of foliage without a trace of a flower. They give a delightful air of freshness and coolness to dinner tables in the hottest night. And here is where the woman with discerning eyes uses a gayly embroidered doily for the center of the table—of roses or of chrysanthemums or of strawberries—and in its center a bowl of feathery maid of the mist.

But if it is to be put a dish of gaudy nasturtiums on a dolly embroidered with flowers of the field!

If there must be an embroidered doily in the center of the table upon which the hostess is determined to put flowers, then let its pattern be of maidenhair fern, its colors of the coolest and least green, and on it put a glass of flowers having but very little mixed with them in the way of foliage.

And to revert again to the subject of flower receptacles, nothing is prettier than the empty ginger jar. Fill out with some common field daisies or with ox-eyed daisies some time, and see what a charming effect is had. Or use them for nasturtiums or for marigolds, or for flowers of any hue save blue.

For blue flowers, lobelia or ragged sailor, use one of those pate de fole gras tureens that you have been saving, one of those having a little blue border around it, and see what an exquisite oriental effect awaits your efforts.

And then utilize some of your liquor or rhine wine bottles for long-stemmed wild flowers, for golden rod or for the cardinal flower, and see what you shall see.

And later a chrysanthemum or two may be put into them. And don't forget the decorative effect of the wild asters used in these receptacles.

And after this, explore for yourself and make daring combinations—the simpler they are the more beautiful. Dip a bit into the Japanese theories of decoration, that all endeavor should aim as far as possible to convey the beauty and growth of each individual plant.

But these hints, of course, are only for the housekeepers who stand in need of them. They are for the woman who wants simplicity on informal occasions and who has but the commonest garden flowers from which to select, or the roadside and field to lay under her command for the brightening of her table—Epicure.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

The table may be adorned with chrysanthemums, and if you use cardies, their shades may resemble the same flower; or you may place the ship Mayflower in the center, as suggested for a May luncheon.

The cards may bear sketches of Puritan maidens or Pilgrim fathers or Colonial scenes. The menu should be a faint reminiscence of the first Thanksgiving meal. We are told that that bill of fare contained oysters, turkey, succotash, and game.

MENU.

Oysters on the half shell.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Clams a la Newburg.
Roast turkey in slices. Cranberry jelly.
Succotash. Cauliflower Salad.
Olives. Almonds.
Mince-pie ice-cream. Cakes.
Coffee.

For the cauliflower salad put bits of the cooked vegetable on lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise. The mince-pie ice-cream is simply a chocolate cream, spiced, and filled with stoned and chopped raisins, currants, and citron. A little brandy should be added.—Harper's Bazar.

What to Wear.

Only fair women, it is said, should wear pure white, though very dark ones with a clear skin may sometimes wear it, but it should be of the creamy tint. As for grey, it is absolutely a flight in the face of Providence for a girl who hasn't a bright complexion to wear it; but wear

Quatrain.

Over my head and far away
I saw the frightened roon,
A forgotten guest of Yesterday
In the warm blue halls of Noon.
—Arthur Ketchum in the Atlantic.

We Admire American Girls.

"The Chinese Minister often expresses his admiration for the American girl, and, by the way, that reminds me of something a German nobleman told me between figures at the swiftest German of last season."

"He said:

"I admire the American woman more than any other on the earth. There is something about her which fascinates me. She is so bright, so witty, so haughty, so capricious, so sweet, that all together she is simply irresistible. She is more like the French woman than any one I ever met, yet she far surpasses the French woman in many ways. She is more independent and at the same time just as modest as she is independent. Then, her intel-

lect—her readiness for grasping the salient points in every situation in which she is placed—all these characteristics combined make her the queen of all women. I speak to you, mademoiselle, as a charming representative of the American woman."

"Phew! You take my breath. What reply did you make to all that?" asked the visitor.

The Washington girl shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Oh, I simply said, 'Colonel, in the name of the American woman, I thank you.'"—Washington Post.

A Fascinator.

Mr. Northside (emerging from telephone box): That girl at "Central" must be a raging beauty.

Mr. Shadside: How do you know?

Mr. Northside: She cuts people out so easily.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

He Would Call It Square.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied promptly, "if you will love me when I am bald."—Stray Stories.

MISS SALLIE VERSER.



Miss Sallie Arkye Verser, a young debutante of Nottoway county, represents a type of beauty rare and unique. Her large, expressive blue eyes, perfect complexion, and a wealth of jet black hair, combined with a charm of manner and a loveliness of person, gives to her great popularity in Southside Virginia. She was educated at the Southside Female Institute, Burkeville, Va., and in Washington, D. C. She is a lineal descendant of Col. William Verser, of Revolutionary note, which would entitle her to rank among the Daughters of the Revolution.

Indian Summer.

October winds his parting horn
O'er mead and fallow far away,
And through the fields of ripened corn
The blackbird chants his virelay.
The thistle-seeds are on the wing,
The milkweed's pod is bursting wide,
The lone cicadas drone and sing
Along the crisp country-side.

The sumach's plume of coral-red
Is slowly changing into brown;
The elm its yellow leaves has shed,
And duller grows the maple's crown.
The Autumn zephyr sobs and sighs
As Autumn winds grow black and bare;
A threatening gloom is in the skies,
And dark forebodings fill the air.

But lo! the Indian summer comes
With lissome grace through bowers and
brake.

The drowsy cricket hears and hums,
A thousand throats the echoes wake.
With bosky step she flutters by,
Like some fair drayd of the wild,
And floods the ready earth with joy,
And fills her lap with gleaming gold!

She spreads a canvas o'er the plain,
And colors with artistic hand
Each rock and grove and winding lane,
Each hill and sere and pebbled strand.
She braids with a scarlet thread
The ivy on the blasted pine,
And ripening clusters overhead
She purples on the woodland vine.

Above the sky her pennon floats,
And leaves a glamour in its wake;
She turns the feeble clouds to boats,
And sails them on a sapphire lake.
She tins with gilt the slender reeds
That fringe the laughing rivulet,
And struts the drowsy's crimson beads
Like jewels on a caracat.

But Winter strides upon his way,
And like a free-lance, fierce and bold,
He fuses himself upon his prey,
And robs them of their shining gold.
The naked woodlands quake with fright,
And bend before his ruthless raid,
And Nature sends a robe of white
To hide the havoc he has made!

—Helen Whitney Clark in the November
Woman's Home Companion.

Relied on Her Hat Pin

But She Forgot to Use It When the Emergency Occurred.

Two married ladies of the northern section of the city are regular attendants at the theatre on certain nights each week. Their husbands, owing to the nature of their occupations, are unable to accompany them, so they go alone.

One of the ladies resides three squares from the cars, and the other nearly two squares, both on the same street. The lady who lives furthest from the cars was asked by her husband if she was not afraid to walk the distance alone.

"Afraid!" she answered, "do you see that?" producing a wicked-looking, long hat pin. "If any man should address me I would stab him."

One dark night recently the two wives alighted from the car at their usual place and started homeward, cheerfully chatting about the play. They had gone half a square when a man suddenly appeared from an alley. His hat was slouched over his eyes. At a glance the ladies concluded he was a suspicious character. They slowed up to let him get past, but he slowed up also. Then they walked faster; he did the same. As they neared the home of one of the ladies the man was very close to them. The one who had boasted of what she would do when an opportunity occurred for the use of the hat pin, broke in a dead run for the middle of the street, down which she hurried like a wild cat.

After she had gone fifty or sixty feet a familiar voice rang out, "Say, Nan, where's your hat pin?" It was her husband. She still declares that it was the meanest act her husband ever did.—Baltimore Sun.

A Profitable Innovation.

"Please don't go in there. That's the growlery, and it's occupied." It was a young West Philadelphia matron who made the remark, as she was showing a friend through her new home. "The growlery!" repeated the other. "What's that? Not where you rish the growler, I hope." This was said in jocular spirit, and the visitor was rather staggered by

He Knew.



May—"Self-preservation is the first law of nature."
Henry—"Well, lying is a close second."

To Cool Food.

Quick Method for Chilling Hot Dishes Will Be a Great Saving.

The problem of cooling food quickly without ice has at last been solved by a German housewife. How often this is required every cook knows who has made her custard late and wants to have it cool without melting all of the ice in the ice box. The device invented is so simple that it is a wonder that it was not thought of long ago, and in fact the principle has long been used by the inhabitants of South America who are not yet well acquainted with ice machines. The plan offered is as follows: Remove the pot containing the custard for instance, from the fire and pour the contents into a bowl or pitcher that will hold it. Then wrap a cloth that has been soaked in cold water around the bowl or pitcher, covering all of the outer surface. Stand the vessel in a window through which there is a draught, and the evaporation of the water in the cloth will cool the custard more quickly than if it had been put into the ice box and melted all the ice. It is surprising how quickly the food to be cooled is reduced in temperature by this method, but it is so simple and easy that any one can try it for herself the next time she wishes to cool anything rapidly.—Boston Globe.

A Compliant Parent.

The following form may be helpful to the anxious would-be son-in-law who shivers at the mere thought of a preliminary interview with "papa":

"I have come to ask for Dorothy," I said, as we stood in the doorway, she giving my hand an encouraging squeeze. "And I for Robert, father," added my Dorothy, as she crossed swiftly over and wound her arms about his neck.

Her father's eyes twinkled. "Ah," said he, "a joint appeal. With such unanimity as this, I suppose that it only remains for me to announce that you are yours."—November "New Lippincott."

The Tragedy of the Palm.

"Mrs. Chipperton took care of my palm while I was away and ruined it."

"How?"

"It was one of those varnished palms, and she watered it every day."—Chicago Record.

Latest Shade of Hair.

The Princess of Wales Said to Be Setting a New Style in Coiffures.

Titan bronze, the new shade of hair, is still too much of a novelty to be common, but who has seen it and longed for tresses of that wonderful hue? It is too expensive an operation to ever become the popular shade, and no amateur at hair dyeing can accomplish the desired result, so the fortunate few who possess locks of Titan bronze need have little fear of many duplicates.

The art of hair dyeing has made tremendous strides within the last few years, and there are many artists in that line whose work defied criticism, another word for detection, but Americans as a class have not taken kindly to that sort of thing, and the remark that "she dyes her hair" is still considered by many as a term of reproach.

The Princess of Wales has a variety of wigs, which she changes with her toilet. On her return from a drive or reception apartment, with its accompanying wig, is in readiness, and the hair is changed to-day and brown to-morrow in nowise disconcerts the princess. All such matters are regulated by custom, and the day may come when chemical hair dyes of exchangeable colors will be part of every woman's wardrobe.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Happy Fakirs.

A young married woman, whose home is in that vague region known as up-town, startled some of her relatives greatly the other day by a quite unexpected humorous onslaught. She is an impetuous young woman and she was just ready to go out, down-town presumably, when she suddenly turned back and rushed into the family sitting room. Several members of the family were there and she exclaimed: "Did you hear about those New York fakirs?"

"What about them?" cried somebody. "Why, they're just earning loads of money selling canes made from the log of the Olympia!"

"What's that?" he asked. "It's a log of the Olympia!" she said, "that they hang over the side of the boat to keep other boats from bumping into it."

"I don't see," said this exception, "how they could spare it."

"Scare what?" queried one of the laughers.

"That log."

"Do you know what a log is?"

"The executioner smiled in a superior manner. Hadn't she just been up the lake?"

"Why, it's one of those timbers," she said, "that they hang over the side of the boat to keep other boats from bumping into it."

This time the laughers roared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Housewife's Soft Hands.

A certain little housekeeper who does all her own work and yet has the lily-white hands that one reads about, tells thus how she keeps her hands in such good condition:

"Tomatoes will take off any stain. You know paring apples makes your hands frightfully black. I discovered that the tomato can be used to take off this stain."

And since I have found it out I keep one on my kitchen table and apply it always after paring fruit. In winter I use canned tomatoes. Rather a queer cosmetic, isn't it?"

"Then I am careful to wear gloves whenever it is possible—the rubber kind when I am washing dishes, and loose old kid gloves when I sweep. I think, with proper care, any woman can keep her hands soft and white, even if she does housework."—Philadelphia Times.

An Educated Idiot.

She—Why should they say stolen kisses are the sweetest?

He—I think it is due largely to the natural perversity of human nature. It is not so much due to the fact of any sweetness in the mere performance of that which is supposed to be unattainable. Now, for instance, I read an article by an eminent sociologist the-

"It is getting rather chilly out here on the porch. I think we had better go in the house."—Indianapolis Journal.



GOOD-BY TO SUMMER.

CUPID CARRIES THE HEART OF THE SUMMER GIRL INTO THE SNOWDRIFTS.